

KIDNAPPER TOOK BOY FROM MOTHER.

Tall, Dark Woman Asked Mrs. Lynch to Let Her Buy Baby Joe Candy—Not Seen Since.

Baby Joe Lynch has been kidnapped and every policeman in Greater New York has been instructed to look out for him and to arrest a woman who is supposed to have carried him off.

The child is only three years old and lived with his mother at No. 190-1-2 Chrystie street, where he was a general favorite. His mother works in a nursery, but on last Monday did not go to work.

She was housecleaning and a tall dark woman came to her door inquiring for a person named "Flossie," who was supposed to live on one of the upper floors. Little Joe was playing about the room and the strange woman went over and began patting his curly head.

"He's certainly a beautiful child," she said. "Won't you let me buy him some candy?"

Mrs. Lynch saw no objection, and carrying the little fellow in her arms the woman started out for a confec-

tionery store. That was the last Mrs. Lynch saw of her baby. After several hours' absence Mrs. Lynch became alarmed and started out to hunt for her baby and the strange woman.

All Monday and Tuesday she searched in vain, and finally notified the police, who sent out a general alarm.

When the child left home he was wearing a white dress, white socks and light blue kid shoes with white buttons. His hair and complexion is light.

The woman who disappeared with Joe is described as being tall, with dark hair and eyes, and wore a dark hat trimmed with red flowers.

Mrs. Lynch has no idea who the woman is, and when she went among the tenants she found that no such person as "Flossie" existed. She is satisfied the woman came to her door with the intention of kidnapping her baby, thinking she had gone out to work in the nursery as usual.

INDIGNATION MEETING TO END COAL STRIKE.

Great Gathering in Madison Square Garden Will Protest Against the Methods Employed by the Operators and Against the Massing of Troops at the Scene of the Labor Trouble.

Arrangements are complete for a public indignation meeting to be held in Madison Square Garden one week from to-night under the auspices of the Miners' Defense Fund Committee recently appointed by the Central Federated Union of New York.

Prominent labor leaders will address the meeting, including John Mitchell, of the Mine Workers, and Martin Dolph, ex-President of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, besides a number of business and professional men.

The object of the gathering is to protest against the methods employed by the coal barons in keeping the miners out on strike and to protest against the massing of troops at the scene of the strike.

Mr. Platt Holds to Opinion. Senator Platt still stands by his original statement that the anthracite strike will terminate within two weeks from last Sunday. At his office this afternoon Senator Platt said:

"I have had no reason for changing my mind since that statement was made. I still say that it will be settled within the time stated."

President Roosevelt says there is a remedy for the anthracite coal difficulty. He says it is the duty of the Republican party leaders in Pennsylvania to bring about an amicable settlement and he believes that they will be able to do so.

The President was moved to discuss the strike situation while passing through Philadelphia by a statement that he had not given them an audience.

"There is a Remedy." "Everybody in Pennsylvania feels that you are more or less in sympathy with the miners, and their claim is that you have never given them an audience," the reporter said to him.

"How unfair that such a conclusion

has been reached," replied the President. "I am grieved beyond measure at the difficulty in Pennsylvania and other coal-producing States over the wage and kindred questions. There is a remedy."

"Do you mean that the Government of the United States can interfere as other than that of a law-preserving executive body?"

"No," answered the President. "What can be done?" he was asked. "I would refer you to the men at the head of the Republican party who are in control of affairs in Pennsylvania. I am sure that their conservative opinions of the difficulties rampant will ultimately result in an amicable settlement of this great question. Of course politics does not enter into the mining problem, yet I sincerely hope that the Republican principles, which are framed alike for high and low, will level the problem to an equity."

President Thomas P. Fowler, of the Ontario and Western Railroad, in his annual report discusses the anthracite coal strike from the standpoint of the operator.

On this point he says: "Steadfast resistance to all demands on the part of the operatives involves considerations of discipline and safety, and the future economical and successful operation of the properties from a financial standpoint as well as public interest."

"The anthracite strike was not brought about by general discontent, lack of work or reduction of wages, but was, in a large measure, the result of agitation on the part of labor leaders, who, for the purpose of retaining power over the rank and file, are periodically obliged to present demands for gain concessions of some sort from the employers."

"Their efforts to destroy the property by calling out the engineers, firemen and other employees whose duty it is to prevent destruction by flood or fire, and their less than reasonable and malignancy which fully refuted what ever claim these men had previously made for candor and conservatism."

"The total production of the anthracite companies has been reduced by reason of the strike about 13,500,000 tons. Should the suspension last the output will be less than 20,000,000 tons. It will be two years before the output will be sufficient to more than supply the immediate demands of the market."

CYCLIST HURT IN TROLLEY MAZE.

Multiplicity of Cars Bewilders Allaire and He Rides Into Subway.

Bewildered by the multiplicity of trolley cars at Sixty-fifth street and Broadway, Charles T. Allaire, of No. 219 Seventh avenue, a retired policeman, rode a bicycle into the rapid transit excavation to-day and sustained injuries that may cause his death. He is in Roosevelt Hospital with a compound fracture of the left leg and internal hurts.

Mr. Allaire, who is fifty-two years old, was riding his wheel uptown. At Sixty-fifth street he got in the way of a Columbus avenue car and turned to the tracks of the Broadway line. To avoid being run down by another car he made a sharp turn, lost control of his machine and fell headlong into the deep pit.

The bottom of the subway there is covered with stones. Workmen scrambled to the aid of the injured man and carried him to Sixty-seventh street, where he was hoisted to the surface and put in an ambulance. Mr. Allaire was retired from the police force four years ago. He is a relative of Capt. Anthony Allaire, of the Police Department.

Freight Wreck Delays Traffic. MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Sept. 6.—An engine and eleven freight cars were derailed and went down an embankment near Portland on the Air Line division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad to-day, the wreck lasting about four hours.

POLICEMAN IN ARSON CHARGE.

Several Witnesses Say They Saw McGowan Running After a Fire Was Started.

Fire Marshal Beers, of Brooklyn, to-day began an investigation of the fire which occurred in the Hotel Meteor, at Flatbush avenue and Malbone street, on Thursday last. It has been charged that Patrolman McGowan, of the Grant Avenue station, was responsible for the fire.

Joseph Valliant, proprietor of the place, declared that the police have tried to drive him out of business. Louis Wells, the bartender employed by Valliant, positively identified McGowan as the man he had seen running out of the place directly before the fire was discovered. He said he and several others chased McGowan, who ran down the street, but they could not catch him. August Hugg and Charles Miner, two employees of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, also gave testimony against the policeman.

McGowan took the stand himself and told a very straight story. He denied emphatically that he patrolled the beat on which the hotel is located and said he knew absolutely nothing about the fire.

He said he was running at the time specified by the railroad men because he was trying to get out of the way of trolley cars. Marshall Beers will visit the station-house to see what post McGowan was patrolling on the night of the fire.

TWO MEN STABBED. While in an altercation this morning with "Ginger" Jones, of No. 18 Fourth street, Frank Stamford, thirty-two years old, of No. 13 Bowery, and James Moriarty, twenty years old, of No. 39 Bowery, were both stabbed in the right

"INNOCENT" HENDRICKSONS HAVE POLICE RECORDS.

Pictures of Ex-Convict, Who Changed His Name, and His Wife Are in the Rogues' Gallery, Both Having Pleaded Guilty to Shoplifting.



POLICE RECORDS OF THE "INNOCENT" HENDRICKSONS.

THE MAN—SAMUEL A. ROGERS, age thirty-four; height 5 feet 7 1-2 inches, weight 133 pounds, build medium; complexion dark, mustache black, hair gray, eyes blue; scar near left wrist on right side of forearm and right index finger; occupation collector; crime, shoplifting; date, May 18, 1899.

THE WOMAN—ELLA ROGERS, age twenty-five; height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 120 pounds, build slim; complexion medium, hair brown, eyes blue, ears have been pierced, mole on the left cheek; occupation housekeeper; crime, shoplifting; date, May 18, 1899.

"Innocent" John B. Hendrickson's record is somewhat different from that he has given the public.

The Evening World has investigated the career of the man who says that because he is an ex-convict and wrongfully convicted at that he was compelled to change his name in order to obtain employment as a conductor on a car of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. His picture is in the Rogues' Gallery, Manhattan, and in Brooklyn, the books of the Central Office show other phases of "Innocent" Hendrickson's career.

He has masked under various aliases, such as John Palmer, Samuel A. Rogers and John Cox. The Brooklyn Police Detective Bureau knows Hendrickson like a book.

It was the story told by the wife of the ex-convict which gained for him much sympathy. She characterized him as an "innocent" man who had been forced to suffer for the faults of others. But the story of Hendrickson's career cannot be told without including a chapter of that of her husband, which is alongside that of her husband in the Rogues' Gallery. They were arrested by Central Office Detectives for shoplifting in Manhattan and both pleaded guilty.

Father a Carriage Builder.

Henrietta Reynolds—that was the maiden name of Mrs. Hendrickson—was the favorite daughter of John Reynolds, who a few years ago was a prosperous carriage builder with a factory at Nos. 373 and 375 Pacific street, Brooklyn. He was a widower, his wife having died when his three pretty daughters—the favored Henrietta, Sadie and Mary—were still in their teens. The family then lived opposite the factory.

With marked devotion the carriage builder watched the development of his three daughters. He reared them gently and gave them the benefit of an expensive education. When they "grew up" he allotted each spending money at the rate of \$25 a month.

Old age, with its increasing infirmities, compelled the carriage builder's retirement from business. He broke up housekeeping, but not before he had seen his eldest daughter comfortably established as the wife of a business man. Sadie and Henrietta preferred to live alone, and the old man sought the seclusion of a home on the outskirts of Brooklyn. Later he moved to No. 149 Macdougall street, in a quiet little cottage, where his housekeeper, Mrs. Fox, an old friend, cared for him.

Unknown to her father Henrietta married John B. Hendrickson.

FATAL EXPLOSION IN PONTOON BRIDGE

One Man Hurled High in the Air and Another Buried Deep Into Mud in the Hudson River.

One man was killed and his body buried deep in the mud of the Hudson River, and another was blown high in the air, sustaining injuries from which he will die, in the explosion this morning of gases in a pontoon bridge at the foot of Fourteenth street, Jersey City.

Anton Matison, fifty years old, No. 717 Newark avenue, Jersey City, and Nelson Monson, forty-five years old, No. 213 Monroe street, Hoboken, were employed as carpenters by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, to repair a pontoon. The pontoon bridge is attached to the tracks on one end, while it rises and sinks with the surface of the water so that cars may be run on ferries and lighters.

Matison and Monson removed the hatch, which had not been disturbed in several months, and Matison went down

ried John B. Hendrickson, now the ex-convict. She kept her name from the old gentleman, who had often announced the withdrawal of the monthly allowance in the event of her marriage. This was not stated as a threat to prevent marriage, but as an admonishment for the daughter to be careful in the selection of her future husband. Not until the old man visited the home of Hendrickson several years after her marriage did he discover that she was already a wife. In the mean time Mrs. Hendrickson had been regularly in receipt of her allowance.

Hendrickson's First Offense.

It was shortly after her marriage to Hendrickson, whose career previously had not been promising, that he was arrested on a serious charge. It was on May 29, 1894, when Hendrickson's first recorded criminal career began. He was charged by Mrs. Harriet Johnson, of No. 1367 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, with having swindled her out of some real estate in Congers, N. Y. Hendrickson was then living at No. 260 Schermerhorn street. Subsequently other serious charges against Hendrickson came to the attention of the Brooklyn police. Many of the stories of his alleged misdoings related to forged checks, obtaining money under false representation and transactions in real estate in Jamaica, "Cleveland Hill" and elsewhere.

He was said to have been interested in "fake" real-estate enterprises, and among one of his several known victims is Amos Aschner, the Brooklyn City Hall cigar man, who can tell a story of how cleverly Hendrickson swindled him. Two checks figured in the transaction. Both came back from the bank marked "forgery." Aschner, who was a partner in the business, was prevailed upon him to introduce him at the Mechanics' Bank as John Palmer when Hendrickson secured the cash on an alleged forged draft for \$150.

It was shortly after this incident in the career of "Innocent" John B. Hendrickson that the Brooklyn police called his attention to numerous robberies committed at the big dry-goods stores in Fulton street. Detectives Donovan and Ruddy were assigned to watch the stores and arrest the thieves. Hendrickson and his young wife—the carriage builder's daughter—had often been seen visiting the various stores. Suspicion finally fell upon them. Hendrickson was seen to receive goods from his wife, who wore a mackintosh. The articles included finery of all descriptions, pieces of silks and laces, gloves, silk handkerchiefs and such like.

Followed Them Home. Following the couple, the detectives traced them to their home on Schermerhorn street and there Hendrickson was arrested. He gave an assumed name

and his wife told a pathetic story, but Hendrickson denied his guilt and defied the police to prove that he was a thief. It was ascertained that the goods which were stolen were used by Hendrickson cleverly as a means of exchange between himself and the very stores in which the thefts had occurred. Returning the goods which he declared were unsatisfactory Hendrickson would receive in exchange credit checks which were negotiable for the full value of the goods. He employed counsel and escaped conviction on a technicality.

Prior to that time Hendrickson and his wife fell into the hands of the New York detectives. They were arrested in a big Sixth avenue dry-goods store with a quantity of stolen goods in their possession. They were taken to Police Headquarters, where their pictures were taken for the Rogues' Gallery. Man and wife were arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court and pleaded guilty.

Again did the wife tell a pathetic story which moved the sympathy of the court. Hendrickson was fined \$100 and sentenced to thirty days imprisonment. Sentence in the case of his wife was suspended. They had given the names of Samuel and Ella Rogers respectively, and they are so registered in the Rogues' Gallery. The couple returned to Brooklyn to find the news of their arrest had reached the aged father of the woman. The old gentleman was stricken with paralysis, and for days lay between life and death.

Suddenly Hendrickson appeared on the race track as a bookmaker; one day he disappeared, and his partner in the book was forced to make good a deficit of \$1,000. Shortly after this episode Hendrickson was arrested charged with "faking" a bogus petition gotten up for the purpose of procuring a specimen of Albertson's handwriting. Then Hendrickson forged Albertson's signature to a check, almost ruining his victim by drawing his savings from a bank.

Sent to Sing Sing.

For this crime Hendrickson was sentenced to Sing Sing for eighteen months. He met a Brooklyn detective the day after and reminiscences told of his life in prison.

"I would have been paroled on Christmas day," he said. "The warden, when he lined us up, looked me over and said 'I'd like to let you go out. Hendrickson, but I guess you're too smart. You had better stay a few months longer.'"

John Reynolds to-day. "My daughter has not turned out to be the woman I had looked upon with sympathy. I was lying here almost at death's door she and her husband, that fellow Hendrickson, came with pretended sympathy and took away when I sought for my four bank books they were missing for an account. I did not want to prosecute criminally, so I instituted civil proceedings to get back my money. Hendrickson called me a penny. My daughter's arrest for shoplifting nearly killed me. Would that it had, it would have spared me additional humiliation and disgrace which I have since been forced to endure."

VENEZUELAN INSURGENTS ROUTED IN 4-HOUR BATTLE.

Fight Took Place on Mountain Behind American Legation at Caracas.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—Mr. Bowen, United States Minister at Caracas, has telegraphed the Department of State that an engagement between the revolutionists and government troops occurred

into the back hole while Monson remained above. When Matison had reached the floor at the bottom, twelve feet below the deck, he asked for a lantern, and from above Monson lowered it to him, lighted.

When near the bottom of the pontoon the flames of the lantern ignited the gases which had accumulated in the pontoon. A loud explosion followed. The pontoon was blown to splinters, the slivers being thrown hundreds of feet away.

The force of the terrific explosion forced Matison's body down through the bottom of the bulk and drove it into the mud on the bottom of the river. Death must have been instantaneous.

Monson was hurled high in the air, struck with the pontoon and his clothes were aflame when he was picked up. He had been horribly burned about the head and body and bones may have been broken. He was hurried to St. Francis' Hospital, where it was said he would die.

A half dozen other workmen near the pontoon at the time of the explosion were knocked down, but none was seriously injured.

yesterday on the mountain just behind the American Legation, lasting four hours and resulting finally in the rout of the revolutionists.

The noise of combat was heard distinctly at the Legation.

MAJOR SMYLYE'S FUNERAL.

Judge Storrs, Who Shot Him, Is Prostrated at Home.

The body of Major Charles W. Smylye was removed to-day from the undertaking establishment of J. N. Tibbets to the Smylye home at No. 145 West Fifty-eighth street. Funeral services will be held Monday at 11 o'clock from Dr. Parkhurst's church and the burial will be in Livingston, N. J.

Judge C. B. Storrs, who shot Major Smylye while deer hunting in the Adirondacks, is so completely prostrated that he is under the care of physicians at his home in Orange, N. J.

Judge Storrs and his wife accompanied Mrs. Smylye back to New York. On the same train was Major Smylye's body. Judge Storrs has suffered severe mental anguish since the accident. He was too weak to stand without support when he arrived on the Chicago Limited train at the Grand Central Station.

PRISONERS PLAN JAIL DELIVERY.

Their Scheme Was to Murder the Sheriff at Midnight and Dash for Liberty.

THEIR GAME FRUSTRATED.

Detectives Find Cells in Which Murderous Weapons and Burglars' Tools Have Been Secreted.

Through the confession of a prisoner, Sheriff Barclay, of New Brunswick, N. J., was enabled to frustrate a plot to murder him and Jailer David Messier and clear the jail at midnight last night.

Arrangements had been perfected to aid the prisoners from without. The names of three men who had agreed to assist the prisoners are known to the authorities, and every effort is being made to-day to arrest them.

What puzzles Sheriff Barclay is how they got word that the jail delivery plot had gone awry. After the inside plotters had been attended to, the Sheriff posted men about the jail to apprehend the outside confederates, but they did not show up.

Detective William Reed first learned of the contemplated jail delivery and assassination. With Detective Housell he went to the Sheriff, who heard their story incredulously. He decided to make an investigation.

When they took him to the cells of John Budkevitz, a New York crook, and Walter Rhein, a Perth Amboy crook who had been tipped off as the leaders of the plot, the prisoners tried to bar their entrance by shoving a bench against the door.

The prisoners were dragged out and placed in solitary confinement and then their cells were examined. A heavy iron bar on the window nearest the street were found sawed in several places, and an iron weight weighing eight pounds, wrapped in a piece of blanket, was discovered under the bed. Several wires designed to pick the locks were found, and a rope of knotted wire was stored away in one corner. Burglars' tools were found on one of the men, and it is believed these were smuggled in from the outside.

Other inmates of the jail said that a general delivery was to have taken place at midnight.

LOTTIE COLLINS CONTESTS WILL

"Tara-ra-Boom-de-ay" Dancer is Not Mentioned in Husband's Testament.

A. H. Hummel has received a cablegram from Lottie Collins, known to theatrical fame as the originator of the "Tara-ra" dance, instructing him to begin proceedings to contest the probate of the will of the late Stephen Cooney, who recently died in Saratoga. In private life Lottie Collins was Mrs. Stephen Cooney.

Mr. Cooney's will, which has been filed for probate in the Surrogate's office here, was executed on Sept. 24, 1901. No mention is made of his famous dancer wife, who is in London.

The will directs that after his funeral expenses and all just debts are paid, the remainder of his estate, including a \$5,000 life insurance policy, shall be given to his sister, Mary A. Roskopf, to be held in trust for the benefit of the daughter of the testator, Helena Cleopatra Cooney, the income from the trust to be used for the support, maintenance and education of the child.

In case of the death of the child before reaching her majority then the entire estate is to be divided among the testator's heirs and next of kin. Mr. Cooney appointed his sister, Mary A. Roskopf, executor and trustee of his will and also guardian of his daughter. In case she is unable to serve then Elizabeth A. Cooney, another sister, is appointed.

Mr. Cooney was well known in theatrical circles and had been at the head of the best known theatrical organizations in the country. Lottie Collins gained fame and American dollars several years ago in her "Tara-ra-boom-de-ay" dance.

MOUNTAIN WILL FILL BAY.

Newark Contractors Solve a Problem and Get a Building Site.

(Special to The Evening World.) NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 6.—Contractors E. M. & J. F. Shanley have a contract for filling in a section of New York Bay at Greenvale where the Pennsylvania Railroad is having a great deal of work in teamships. In securing material for filling in purposes the firm faced a problem, until it was decided to buy a mountain and move it to Greenvale and then level off the land and sell it for building lots.

The mountain was secured at New Orange, and work will begin at once.

KILLED BY CAKE OF ICE.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 6.—Willie Mack, seven years old, was riding a rearing of an ice wagon to-day when a block of ice slipped and struck him on the head and chest. He was instantly killed.

Lodger, Societies and Meetings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the first annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cheung Spring Water Co. will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 12 o'clock noon, in the office of the company, at 426 7th ave., New York, for the purpose of electing a new Board of Directors and the transacting of such other business as may properly come before it.

(Signed) A. H. HOLBERT, Treas.

TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD.

Mary MacLane In Wall Street.

In Her 3d Exclusive Article for the Sunday World This Remarkable Young Woman Deals Daringly with a Subject Which Gives Her Peculiar Talents the Fullest Scope. Illustrated in Colors by Dan Smith.

Mark Twain Tells a New Story: "My First Vacation and My Last."

Who Is FRANK FARRELL, and Why Has New York Gone Gambling Mad?

From Dutchess Co. to New York City Hall Fountain Through New York's Wonderful New A-ueduct.

Something about the man who has been spoken of as Canfield's rival. A new view of New York's gambling fever.

The strange story of two little fish who made the journey.

TRIUMPHS OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN ABROAD.

How Yankee girls have completely conquered Europe's social circles and now rule across the water as well as they do here. The first complete story on an interesting topic.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER. Illustrated with many beautiful portraits.

"What's Bred in the Bone."

Remarkable similarity in the romances of "Bud" and Edward Ellis, two cousins.

A STRIKING COINCIDENCE IN REAL LIFE.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Mary and the lamb discovered by the Sunday World.

THE REALLY TRULY MARY, THE REALLY TRULY LAMB.

A Photograph, Two Men, a Happy Marriage and a Heart-Broken Prince.

The remarkable romance of a magazine picture of a pretty young American girl.

Biggest Bath on Record and Biggest Bath Tub in the World.

The bath illustrated by photographs.

How Englishwomen Attain Beauty.

Latest exercises explained by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. Illustrated with photographs.

A Day at the Aquarium with Dan Smith.

Full-page characteristic drawing in colors by the famous artist.

The Angel Child, by Kate Carew, and all other Funny Side characters in funnier "stunts" than ever.

TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD.